

THE GREEN CALDRON

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Check-Out

JONATHAN BORUS

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

THE JOB OF A CASHIER INVOLVES A GREAT DEAL more skill and work than meets the eye. The cashier's primary function is to receive the money owed to the store for goods purchased. To do this the cashier must total the prices of the items purchased on a cash register, receive the payment from the customer, and return to the customer any change or difference between the amount paid and the total bill.

This process is more complicated than it seems. To arrive at a total bill, the cashier must first know the price of every individual item in the store which might be paid for at his register. When, as in a grocery, drug, or surplus store, there are literally hundreds of different items, the cashier has quite a job. Although the majority of the stock is marked and priced, items will always be brought to the cashier without prices or with incorrect or altered prices. The cashier must have all prices memorized so that he can spot mistakes or alterations in the markings.

The prices are constantly changing because of markups and markdowns of the stock by either the producer or the retailer. In addition, most stores have sales of one kind or another almost all the time; these result in price changes. The cashier must be ready with the correct price at all times.

Having determined the price of the individual item, the cashier records each amount on the cash register. Most cash registers consist of two main parts, a keyboard and a set of money drawers. The keyboard is built on the principle of an adding machine, usually with five rows of numbered keys in the middle of it, for registering amounts ranging up to \$999.99. There are two other rows of keys, one on the left and one on the right of the numbered rows. The row on the left consists of keys which indicate the different departments of the store. In a grocery store this row would include a separate key for meat, produce, canned goods, dairy products. A general clothing store would include keys for men's, women's, boy's, and girl's clothing and shoes on its register. In states where there is an excise tax, one key is usually reserved for tax. The two keys on the right side determine what shall be done to the numbers recorded on the register. One is the subtotal key that is used to determine the amount of the sale at any time without ending the computation. This is mainly used in the computation of excise tax, a subtotal being necessary to calculate the amount taxable. The other right-hand key is the total key which gives the final total amount of the sale and causes the register drawer to open and the receipt to be ejected. On the far right of the keyboard is the generator button which controls the power that records the figures. To record the

figure on the key pressed down, the cashier pushes the generator button.

The cashier collects the money from the customer, puts it on top of the drawer, and "makes" the necessary change. The most accurate and efficient way of making change is for the cashier to repeat the amount of the bill and the amount of the money received, count up the difference in change, first to himself as he takes it out of the register drawer, and then to the customer as he hands back the change. The amount of money in the drawers at the end of the day should equal the total amount of the sales recorded on the register tape. Although this is hard to do when handling thousands of dollars a day, the experienced cashier can hold mistakes down to a minimum and will usually come out even.

To give a hypothetical example of the entire check-out process, let us take a woman shopper, Mrs. X, who is on a trip to the grocery store. She shops around, selects her groceries, and brings them to the check-out counter. Her purchases are a pound of bacon, a half gallon of milk, and a can of peaches. The cashier picks up each item, mentally determining their prices as sixty-five, forty-nine, and twenty-nine cents respectively. He presses down the key on the left side of the keyboard marked *meat*, punches the key marked 6 in the second row of numbers from the right and 5 in the first row to indicate sixty-five cents, and then hits the generator button which records these facts. He then presses the left hand button marked *dairy products*, the numbers 4 and 9 in the correct rows, and hits the generator button. He repeats this process once more, pressing *canned goods*, 29, and the generator button.

Next he presses the subtotal key and then the generator to determine the amount taxable. This comes out to be \$1.43. He then computes the tax in his head (four cents in this case), presses the tax key on the left, the key for four cents in the center, and the generator button. To obtain the total bill and receipt and to open the money drawer, he then presses the total key and the generator button.

The cashier hands the receipt to the customer and states the bill, \$1.47. The customer, Mrs. X, hands him a five dollar bill. He puts the money on top of his drawer and makes change. First he says to himself "\$1.47 from \$5." As he takes the money from the drawer he counts, "\$1.47, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4, and \$5." He then repeats this process as he counts the change out into the customer's hand.

The cashier "bags" the merchandise neatly, and hands it to Mrs. X, thanking her for her patronage. Since the cashier is the last representative of the store seen by the customer before she leaves, it is essential that he be as efficient and courteous as possible so that Mrs. X will retain a favorable impression of the store and will want to buy there again.

Thus a cashier is a precise accountant, a skilled machinist, and a good will ambassador. The job of cashier requires a great deal more skill and work than meets the eye.

How to Count Fruit Flies

JUDY LANG

Rhetoric 101, Theme 12

WHEN A ZOOLOGY STUDENT IS CONFRONTED WITH A collection of bottles stoppered with wads of cotton and filled with swarms of insects, he can be sure that fruit fly counting time has at last arrived. Because of their great prolificacy, fruit flies (or *Drosophila melanogaster* as they are called by cautious zoologists who would rather confound students with sesquipedalian nomenclature than expose them to the colloquial terms of everyday use) are often used to illustrate certain Mendelian concepts of heredity. Flies possessing certain characteristics such as red eyes, long wings, or black bodies are mated with flies possessing similar or opposable traits. The results of these matings are supposed to prove that an orderly dominance of certain traits over their opposites exists and can be predicted. (I interject a note of doubt at this point because Mendel, the originator of the theory of genetics, neglected to take into account the well-meaning but slipshod effects of fledgling zoology students on the results of such a theory.)

Confronted with a bottle bearing an illegible label, students are told to etherize the insects inside. This is done by pouring ether into the cotton covering the mouth of the bottle until the student becomes extremely drowsy and finds that his lab partner has slumped to the floor. In the time it takes the student to revive his partner, the fruit flies will have succumbed to the ether.

The fruit flies are then shaken out onto a piece of white paper, where they are divided first according to sex. It is at this point that the first departure from Mendel's theory usually arises. Sometimes students counting the parental stock will, after an intensive search, find no females among the flies. At this point the harassed instructor must check the students' calculations. If he too can find no females, he usually mumbles something about their being stuck in the soft food at the bottom of the bottle and hurries out of the room on the pretense of getting a drink of water.

Having surmounted many similar obstacles, the students finally separate all the flies into from eight to sixteen small piles, each of which contains flies possessing a certain combination of characteristics. At this point someone usually suffers a sneezing fit, and the flies are blown to the four corners of the room.

After all the insects have been found, the windows are closed. Kleenex is distributed, and another count is made. The results of this final count are tabulated, and it is found that the ratio of offspring types bears, if the student uses his imagination, at least a slight relation to Mendel's observations.

The students must then capture the fruit flies, which are beginning to flit around the room, and leave the lab at the insistence of their instructor, who, no doubt, spends the remainder of the period thanking God that the exercise on genetics is over.

Downfall

ROBERT GRANDA
Rhetoric 101, Theme 4

"JOE COLLEGE" IS A SLANG TERM USED TO DENOTE A COLLEGE man. This expression is used most often, however, to mean a person, usually a boy, who has "gone college," or acquired an affected manner because he is going to college. Joe College is usually a direct descendant of "Harry High School," a sweet, clean, lovable, all-American, Archie-type high school student. When Harry graduates, he is a fine example of American manhood; he doesn't drink (much), hardly ever smokes, is kind to puppies and old ladies, and seldom goes out with evil girls. It is indeed a crime that anyone so pure, so gentle, so kind, cannot stay as sweet and unspoiled forever as he is on graduation day.

Adults, jealous of this wonderful, wholesome creature bow their heads together in musty old wine-cellars and whisper, "Harry High School is young, warm, wonderful and well liked, while we are old and evil and bitter. What can we do to destroy the red bloom of innocent youth on his cheek and make him wicked and unsmiling like us?"

"We'll send him to college," says one of the conspirators.

"We'll send him to the U. of I.," says another adult. "No one can stay sweet and innocent there!"

"Hear! Hear!" they all shout in unison and start making plans for Harry's future.

So it is that one sunny, warm September morning, Harry stands somewhere in Champaign-Urbana, blinking his eyes in an effort to hold back the tears now that Mommy and Daddy have left him. He is all alone.

"I am all alone," he mumbles to himself as he rubs a grimy fist into his eye. "Mommy and Daddy have left me alone. I will get even with them; I will become a malevolent, sinful person. I will beat up old ladies and kick puppies. I will smoke myriads of cigarettes and consume vast quantities of beer. I will go out with sorority girls. I will become a denizen of the black-board jungle of Champaign-Urbana. I will buy a pipe and trenchcoat. I will learn all the sins of the world. I will turn Joe College!"

While he is carrying on this conversation with himself, his shoulders straighten, his lips compress, and a look of incredible cunning creeps into his eyes. He stalks off down Wright Street to the U. of I. drugstore to get a pipe. While on the way, he has a few beers and stares at any decent looking girls he sees. He staggers out of Kam's and falls in the gutter. He lies there, a wrinkled, bleary-eyed heap, distinguished from a corpse only by the thin trail of spittle running out of the corners of his mouth. The metamorphosis is complete. Clean, fresh Harry High School has degenerated into hateful, drunken, worthless Joe College.

The Essence of Time

ROBERT J. PFEIFER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

THROUGHOUT THE CENTURIES, VAST BODIES OF MEN have been ruled by a single man. The lives of these vast bodies of men have been governed, to a greater or lesser extent, by the single man. The Romans had their Caesar; the Germans had their Hitler; the Russians had their Stalin. However, even the rule of these powerful figures has yielded to the passage of time. By overwhelming the power of the strongest leaders, time has figuratively become the ruler of the lives of men.

No one knows exactly what time is. Einstein was able to show a mathematical relationship between time and physical dimensions; poets have been able to develop some concrete impressions of the abstract idea. However, the definitions of scientists and poets, accurate as they may be, are rarely sufficient to tell the average man what time actually is.

Although no one knows exactly what time is, everyone is dominated by it. One hurries to an eight o'clock class—he must be on time. One hurries to lunch—again he must be on time. The Illinois football team leads at halftime but loses the game—the time factor is fatal. One's every action is controlled to some extent by the mysterious, although familiar, concept of time.

Yet there is one striking feature about time. It is *practically* a universal basis of measurement. Travel is reckoned in time—one is five hours from New York. Physical structures are a measure of time—it takes two years to build a building. Life itself is measured in time—one is eighteen years old.

Moreover, time provides the basis for the most important measurement that exists. Time is the basis of measurement of accomplishment. Historians use time as the yardstick of human achievements. Past civilizations have had their Golden Ages of culture—time indicates the development of man's mind. The civilizations of today have experienced their Industrial Age, their Nuclear Age—time indicates the development of man's technology. Most importantly, time indicates the achievements of individual men. Time marks the childhood, adolescence, and adulthood of man, during which man increases in knowledge, ability, and achievement. Man says, "Time goes by so slowly"; he is accomplishing little. Man says, "Time goes by so swiftly"; he is accomplishing much.

Therefore, the essence of time is the achievement of man. If man uses his time well, he achieves respect and self satisfaction; if he wastes his time, his life is useless. Time marks the death of man; primarily, however, it marks the value of his life.

The Purpose of Education

BARBARA HUTCHENS

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

RECENT CONTROVERSY OVER THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY of education has roughly shaped itself into a feud between those who seek to "educate the whole child" and those who declare that "genuine education is intellectual training." One reason the conflict is so difficult to resolve is that slogans are imperfect vehicles for philosophies. For one thing, there is the tendency to hide behind a set of catchwords and to lose the ability to recognize truth in other words than those. There is inherent in aphorisms an air of primary certitude: to deny having it as your intention to educate the whole child is blasphemy—would you then educate half a child? For another thing, such statements are liable to misinterpretation and misapplication. Must a well-rounded education mean one in which essential knowledge is diluted or omitted while trivia is magnified? Finally, slogans and maxims express thoughts incompletely. When Mr. Bestor wrote that "genuine education is intellectual training," did he really mean that it is man's intellect only that needs training? Such a concept would be appalling to anyone who believes that the purpose of the soul's earthly existence is to acquire the attributes necessary for life in a higher dimension.

While the principles of neither progressive nor traditional education provide a complete answer to the question of education's goal, the solution doesn't lie in a haphazard compromise. Such a "happy medium" might have the unhappy result of a combination of difficult, but fruitless, sciences and equally worthless frivolities. I think Mr. Conant's newly published recommendations in *The American High School Today* are a possible practical solution to the problem on the high school level. His suggestions point in the direction of a solid core for all English, social studies, and some mathematics and science; foreign language and more mathematics and science for the academically talented; and a good system of training in "marketable skills." The program Mr. Conant has outlined concerns mental training—the training which is, along with some physical training perhaps, the responsibility of formal education. Educators also must not forget to allow time for that third kind of training which a youth receives in his family, his school, his religious community, and his circle of friends. The end result of formal and informal education—material, mental, and spiritual—should be a person who can live his fullest and contribute his utmost.

"Regard man as a mine rich in gems of inestimable value. Education can, alone, cause it to reveal its treasures and enable mankind to benefit therefrom."¹

¹ Bahh'u'llah (translation by Ghogli Effendi), *Gleanings from the Writings of Baha'u'llah*, p. 260.

The Problem

LARRY SCHAFER

Rhetoric 102, Theme 2

CURRENTLY EDUCATORS ARE DISPUTING WHAT GENUINE education really is. After sacrificing several years of their lives in attaining the rank of educator, they find themselves questioning and confusing the purpose of their existence. Now that they are educators they wonder what they are supposed to do. Some of them declare that they should strive primarily to mold future citizens; others persist that intellectual training is what they are attempting to communicate. Regardless of who is correct, the floundering educators of America continue to argue, pulling their students in opposite directions and leading them nowhere, except into the happy realm of partial proficiency in both citizenship and intellectual training.

The theory that the purpose of genuine education is to produce good citizens and well-rounded individuals shall now be considered. As advocated, this plan does not require knowledge of mathematical fundamentals, but rather the ability to read numbers and to round them off; this plan does not propose learning to read or to spell, but rather complete abandonment of reading and spelling if the student's ability be below normal or the desire be lacking. This theory advocates channeling a youngster into an area he prefers and not compelling him to learn the formerly supposed essentials, such as mathematics. This is the liberal view; this is the practical view; this is the view of the modern man.

The second theory is that genuine education is intellectual training. It states that genuine education is learning the fundamentals of arithmetic, learning how to spell, and learning how others thought and how to think for oneself. The good-citizen theory would have a student be taught how to operate and how to repair a digital computer; the intellectual-training theory would have a student be taught how and why the computer functions. That genuine education is relentless drill in fundamental concepts and that it is the acquisition of disciplined thought are the assumptions of those who adhere to the intellectual-training theory.

This is the problem—produce good citizens, or train students in disciplined thought. Let us consider the results of each method.

The good-citizen policy would undoubtedly supply good citizens for several years; but, not being versed in fundamentals, these citizens would, as governments and precepts evolved, be swept along—cognizant of how to fit in, but unaware of how to lead or how to talk. They would be adjusted to adjusting. They would be unaware of, and ineffective in, the world into which they had been placed.

The intellectual-training plan would mold students into thinkers, into men who would probably not "fit in," but who would lead and progress, and who would be individuals. This plan would produce men who would understand fundamentals, who would have studied the past and the present, and who would not "fit in" because they knew too much to accept everything blindly and as a happy child.

These are the results that each plan would produce. However, one cannot say that one plan is better than the other; it depends on the objects and aims of the nation. It depends on whether America wishes to supply itself with robots or with men, with people who "fit in" or with those who know better. And it especially depends on whether America wants to become a well-adjusted, do-nothing, get-no-place nation or whether America wants to be a discontented, not-so-well-adjusted, progressing, developing nation.

Higher Standard of Dying

MARGARET ANN REIMAN

Rhetoric 102, Theme 13

JOE KUZWOLSKI SLID THE BOLT ON THE HEAVY OAK DOOR of the funeral parlor and lazily moved back into the reception room. He glared at a few pieces of Kleenex scattered under the mourners' chairs, "Wish those tear-droppers would use personalized rags and not leave souvenirs," he grunted, as he bent down and scraped the handful of papers under the heavy wine-colored carpet.

Joe gazed contentedly at the carpet for a moment. He loved its soft, luxurious texture. "It took two big funerals to pay for you, baby," Joe thought. "The first one was that big slob Ben Franks. He had a lot of capital and bought his way into town. He even built a couple of schools for the citizens to remember his generosity by. Ben had diabetes real bad, and he sucked alcohol like a baby sucks milk. His doctor made a fortune selling him medicine. Ben would pump himself full of alcohol, and the Doc would pump him full of insulin. Together, they just pumped the life out of Ben. The other was Doc Reed's funeral. He was a dentist in town. Doc was a good guy and always willing to stop for a cigarette. He just stopped for a few hundred too many. Doc used to have one cigarette burning in every ash tray, one in his hand, and a freshly lit one in his mouth. He was really a human smoke stack, and he developed a vicious cough. Doc ignored it and merely started using quantities of tablets for 'smoker's throat' and consumed as many of those as he did 'mild' cigarettes. He died of throat cancer, when he was only forty-two."

Joe turned around towards the casket room. "I'm glad I wasn't in this business when families laid their dead ones out in their front parlor. An undertaker didn't have a chance in those days." Joe's eyes wandered slowly around the room. He saw the love-seat that he'd bought with the money from the banker's son Tommy's funeral. Tommy had had everything a boy could have wanted, including an airplane. One day, while showing off for his girl, he lost control of his plane and spread himself like butter over the school playground. Miss Dean, who was a wealthy old maid, supplied the grand piano, with the proceeds from her last rites. She was president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and tried to poison her minister, because he'd gone to a cocktail party. Miss Dean felt it was her Christian duty to save the congregation from his evil ways. Her family spent a lot of money to have her straightened out, with the best in modern psychological conjuring. The first Sunday after her release, Miss Dean shot herself because she couldn't bear to live in a world where even the clergy succumbed to sin. "That piano cost a pretty penny," Joe commented to himself. "I appreciated Miss Dean's helping me out."

Joe walked over to the casket to close the curtain, which separated it from the main room. He gazed at the inanimate figure of a little girl, which was silhouetted by the peach-colored satin of the casket. "Probably was a lucky thing for your family that boy hit you, kid," Joe said. "His father gave your old man plenty not to press charges, and from the looks of things, your dad needed it. It costs a lot of money to die nowadays, little lady, and you've barely supplied the funds for this new cord." Joe gently fingered the thick, silk cord of the curtain.

"You know," he continued, "I'll probably be using this cord, when people start dying from bomb radiation. I heard that stuff is pretty deadly, and some people just can't combat its power." Joe chuckled, as he envisioned the many times he'd pull that cord, and the dollars he'd get for new furniture. Ben, Doc, Miss Dean, and all the rest would be replaced by new contributors. Joe's chuckle radiated into a hearty laugh.

Suddenly, his eyes rested on the face of the little girl. It was strangely beautiful, surrounded by a wreath of simple white flowers, which intensified the virgin naturalness of the small child's countenance. The face seemed so innocent and unscarred by human plight.

A chill gripped Joe. He shuddered slowly, and then his whole body trembled. Joe glanced at the cord in his hands and recalled his recent thoughts. An uncontrollable feeling of futility flooded his being, as it had that of so many other men, and Joe Kuzwolski cried fitfully.

Two days later, a small crowd of mourners stood in front of Joe Kuzwolski's Funeral Home and witnessed the casket of Joe Kuzwolski, who'd hung himself with a silk cord, being carried into the hearse.

Conformity Goes Greek

ROGER FINK

Rhetoric 102, Theme 3

MY NAME IS KILROY. I GET AROUND. BUT I CAME HERE, gentlemen, not to talk about my various travels through back alleys and cemeteries, but to be a character witness for my friend Mr. Conformity, who desires to join your select group.

Mr. Conformity came out of nowhere and is going no place special. He worked one week in his whole life, for which he got time and a half for overtime, and since then he hasn't done anything worth writing about except, maybe, to change B.C. to A.D. But ever since they put religion in the pledge of allegiance, Mr. Conformity has become downright proud of being a member of such an American organization as the U.S.A. He has gone out of his way to incorporate others into the heritage created by Washington, Jefferson, and Ford.

"Organization man" was his motto and that's just what he did—he organized man. Oh, don't get me wrong, this had nothing to do with labor unions and other left-wing activities. Nobody could pin the label "Wharton radical" on Mr. Conformity. Nosiree! He just tried to help man find his rightful place in society by creating "in" groups, R.O.T.C. units, and Gallup polls. Sometimes, however, Conformity had to work with the crudest of materials. For instance, during the last war (World War II.4 to be exact), me and Conformity—Conformity and I—were shipped to an island in the South Pacific known as Sen Mundt.

The natives there lived in trees and ate nothing but leaves. They could barely write their names in the dirt with a stick, but they could vote. Our job was to keep them from going Communistic. We were pretty successful, as the reports show, because after we left, the natives were living off each other instead of off the land.

Then there was the time that we organized a citizen's committee for a cleaner Chicago. "Put your trash in waste-baskets and public offices" was our slogan. But the Democratic National Committee thought that waste-baskets would be enough and since they were cheaper to buy than offices, why naturally we agreed. I mean, it's like the President said when he addressed the ball on the nineteenth green, "We have got to balance the budget."

Yesiree, Conformity has done a lot to make him worthy of entering your secret society. In fact, most of the things he has done have been accomplished in secret. Why, who do you think gave McCarthy the list that he held in his hand that fatal day in Wheeling, West Virginia? Who do you think told Joe Smith to get the hell out of the Republican convention? Where do you think

Ann Landers and Paddy Chayevsky get their material? And, my friends, who do you think fixed the big race so that America came in second and thereby taught Von Braun and his crowd of thinkers humility? Surely, my friends, you cannot turn down the deity which 180,000,000 (count 'em) souls conscientiously worship every day. It is written in some obscure text found in most second-rate hotels "Thou shall have no other Gods before me," and let me tell you, comrades, no one is worshipped in America more than Mr. Conformity. He even has a higher Trendex than God.

Yesiree, my friends, Conformity deserves to join your group. Think of it! Pestilence, War, Famine, Death and Conformity—what a combo! Gentlemen, I've seen Conformity in action and he's a must. Why, in anticipation of joining your group he even went out and bought each of you a grey flannel suit and a pair of dirty white bucks. Boys, if you let Conformity join your unholy alliance he will make it the greatest quintet since Benny Goodman's famous '38 concert. He's got plans to modernize your business. He's going to take you off your horses and put you behind the wheel of a swivel seat, swept wing, '59 model, "brand" name automobile. And what's more, he can get it for you wholesale. You'll be known as the four commuters of the Apocalypse as you drive to the 8:00 special and then take the train to your favorite disaster.

Gentlemen, you can't get a deal like this anywhere within the continental limits of the universe and Canada. You'll get all that I've mentioned plus an eight-piece dinnerware ensemble; and all Conformity asks for is a unanimous vote of acceptance, because dissension is toxic to his constitution. What say? Are you going to remain a stagnant group, or are you going "forward to yesterday," with Conformity at your side? If you are going to accept this offer, as I know you will, then pick up the phone and call Bigelow 8-2397. Remember, all votes will be judged for sincerity, orthodoxy, and aptness of thought.

Sentimentality and Restraint

STEPHEN DILTS
Rhetoric 102, Theme 14

RICHARD D. ALTICK IN "SENTIMENTALITY AND RESTRAINT" has written: "The real meaning of writing that matters most is not found on the surface, in the actual, literal significance of the words. It hovers beneath the surface, in the delicate shadings of connotation and rhythm, in the precie effect of metaphor and allusion." Writing which overemphasizes emotional surface decoration fails to convey its true meaning and is called sentimental; writing with restraint is the goal of a good writer because he can make a whole new realm of thought evident under the literal surface meaning.

"It takes a heap o' livin' to make a house a home" smacks of the homespun quality that appeals to the average person, but it does not contain a thought-provoking idea for most readers since they are fascinated by the unique dialect in which the line is written. The reader's attention is momentarily attracted by this trite, easily remembered adage, but the point seems rather self-evident. No one attempts to find implications; nevertheless, some thought might be given to the rather ambiguous meaning of *living*. The word as part of the sense unit probably suggests close family harmony, but the crude language gives it a connotation of riotous fun.

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in" seems to illustrate the epitome of restraint; unemotionally cold on the surface, the definition almost intentionally alienates the reader in order to provoke thought. The reader must attempt to answer for himself the questions which will undoubtedly arise in his mind. Why is emphasis placed on having to do something? Perhaps the author is fighting the ever-increasing control of society over men's actions, the possibility that love is disappearing from the home, or the gradual process of splitting which at times seems to be overtaking home life. Deeper meanings are possible, but each reader must find his own interpretation.

The second quotation is undoubtedly the better, for, aside from its external meaning, it allows a variety of meanings to be read into it; the meaning of the first quotation is obscured by a form of sentimentality in which the homespun dialect is emphasized. The author who wrote with restraint has succeeded in evoking thought and probably contention—most likely, his very motive in writing.

The Loud and the Strong

DAVID COVIN
Rhetoric 101, Theme 7

FLAG WAVERS AND PATRIOTS BOTH COMPOSE A GREAT part of the world's population, and both are motivated by strong desires; yet the desires of the one are completely self-contained while those of the others are selfless.

The flag waver is usually a lover of display; he longs to be a part of the glorious mass. He wants to show that he is a part of the winning cause. The flag waver heads a mob of one-hundred men against a group of four. He is Mussolini leading the mechanized Italians against the stone-age Ethiopians, and he is the prosperous looking fellow yelling "Heil! Heil!" to Hitler, against the spectacular background of blazing spotlights and surging martial rhythms. Yet for all his show, the man waving the flag has no sincere convictions in his cause. His sole aim is to say, after the victory, "I backed him all the way. I

knew we'd win." Therefore, this lover of ostentation is one who seeks recognition for himself—not for his cause. As a result, he may even be found supporting a losing cause—one that he knows will lose, not because he believes it is right, but in order that he may be a martyr. And if there is no glory, the flag waver scurries off into a corner. He deserts Mussolini, he denounces the Reich.

The patriot begins the cause of the flag waver, and is the sole reason for its continued existence. His patriotism stems from an emotion—love. Love of his alma mater or fatherland, regardless of which, is truly felt. His aim is not glory; rather it is the continuance of his purpose. The patriot will die an ignominious death that his belief might be secured—a flag waver would never be guilty of this. The sincere believer will speak for his cause, knowing his only recognition will be jeers and contempt. The true believer dies at Anzio; and Bataan; in the African deserts, running from Montgomery; and in a Zero in a death dive on a U. S. carrier. Yet the patriot is not only the warrior; he is the columnist writing to enlighten his people—to right wrongs, the teacher with a sincere desire to instill truth and courage in his pupils. The flag waver sings the national anthem louder than ten men. The patriot dies that the anthem might be sung.

Darkness at Noon

JOHN HOCKMAN
Rhetoric 102, Theme 9

THE IMPORTANCE OF ARTHUR KOESTLER'S POLITICAL novel *Darkness at Noon* lies not so much in its depiction of a Soviet prison as in its insight into the workings of intelligent Communist minds; for it is these intellectuals, far more than the theoretical proletarian masses, who carry on the movement so strongly today.

To demonstrate a typical Communist's reasoning, Koestler thoroughly examines the workings of the mind of Nicolas G. Rubashov, supposedly one of the old Bolsheviks responsible for the success of the Russian Revolution. Rubashov is imprisoned and persuaded, with great mental and physical pressure, to confess to crimes he never committed.

What, then, is the reasoning of this intelligent, idealistic man who sacrifices himself for an organization which, as he knows, produces so much terror, misery, injustice, autocracy, and deceit? It is the "principle that a collective aim justifies all means, and not only allows, but demands, that the individual should in every way be subordinated and sacrificed to the community . . ."¹ That is the "justification" for his seemingly implausible actions: that this virtual vivisection of humanity today will cure its eco-

¹ Arthur Koestler, *Darkness at Noon*, p. 114.

nostic, political and sociological diseases tomorrow. To this end, all morals, ethics, and humanitarian principles can be thrown away.

Koestler also demonstrates, however, the fallacies in this reasoning. Throughout his life, Rubashov worked for his ideals by ignoring them completely in his own conduct, and the result was that he accomplished the opposite of what he intended. He betrayed his friends and his principles repeatedly, thinking these unpleasant acts to be separate from their result; but he found the two inseparable. All that came of his actions was more pain and injustice.

He eventually came to recognize the parallel between his arrest by the Communists and an earlier arrest by the Nazis. So he died, finally realizing that it made no real difference "what insignia the [executioner] wore on the sleeves and shoulder-straps of the uniform and in whose name it raised the dark pistol barrel."²

² Koestler, p. 189.

The Setting and Heathcliff

NEIL RICHTER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 11

THE MOORS OF ENGLAND ARE DARK WASTELANDS, overgrown with heath and barren of most other plants except for a few stunted, grotesque trees which are twisted products of the uncontrollable elements of nature and the adverse conditions of the land. Cold winds blow over the crags, and the snow never melts from their lofty ridges. The moors are a savage, desolate place; yet this scene of bleakness exhibits a savage beauty and creates a feeling of awe. Set against this strange and mysterious land, Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights* introduces Heathcliff, equally strange and rugged.

Heathcliff is a most appropriate character for the setting. He is dark and savage and cruel as the moors are dark and savage and cruel, and yet his dark savagery also commands respect and creates awe. Through the story, Heathcliff's mind, like the trees of the moorlands, is slowly being twisted by elements seemingly beyond his control. These elements are the two extremely powerful emotions of love and hate. His passionate love for Cathy and his equally passionate hatred for those who have mistreated him and kept Cathy from him have ruled his entire life.

These emotions deepen and become stronger as the story progresses, and, through Heathcliff, they drive Cathy to madness and death. The loss of his love causes Heathcliff to seek revenge on those whom he deems responsible for his loss.

The years pass, and his vengeance is almost complete, for he has the property, the money, and even the lives of his enemies at his command. However, the strange unfathomable mixture of love and hatred slowly begins to creep over his mind and heart and soul just as the heath creeps over the moors, and these emotions drive him to insanity and death.

Yet, in spite of his hate and cruel destruction of human ambitions and his part in driving Cathy insane, he dies in a joyous trance, haunted by visions of his Cathy and their ultimate reunion. As the snow never melts on the crags of the moors, so also does Heathcliff's hate never mellow, nor his love ever fail.

Idle Philosophy

MORRIS LEVINE

Rhetoric 102, Theme 14

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And heaven in a wild flower.
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

—Blake

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, TWO BROTHERS WHO OWNED a bike shop in Dayton, Ohio, flew the product of a lifetime's dreams at the then incredible speed of twenty-five miles an hour for thirty seconds in the first powered aircraft. Man, never satisfied, quickly forged ahead with this new wonder of aviation, and soon he was sending his earth-made craft into the depths of space. The fact that space-travel is at our fingertips makes us feel perhaps powerful and yet humble. We are humble in the vastness of the universe and powerful in our discovery.

Have you ever held a grain of sand between your fingertips and inspected it, minute crack by minute crack, chip by chip? Perhaps you have speculated that in that grain of sand were universes similar to ours but on a microcosmic scale—each universe complete with its own stars and planets. But, you said, only a bit of idle philosophy; still, a small doubt remains hidden in the back of your mind.

Have you ever gazed upon a wild flower and seen in it an unexplainable majesty imparted, perhaps, by an unknown force from heaven? Heaven complete in its stems and petals has manifested itself in that bit of nature.

And infinity, which could either be the epitome of nothingness or everything that ever was or ever will be, have you ever figuratively held infinity in the palm of your hand—held it with either the crushing despair of failure or the instantaneous flash of a sudden realization?

And the hour which has the ambiguous quality of lasting an eternity or a second—have you ever experienced that sensation? That grain of sand you once held in your hand, perhaps an hour in the time scale of the universe within, lasted a billion billion years—an eternity.

All idle philosophy, you think. You are too busy working or playing, and here idle thoughts have no place. But what if these idle thoughts were true? What then, oh humble man? Your vast universe may be only a grain of sand in the hand of someone infinitely larger.

A fellow by the name of Einstein came along and expressed his appreciation to the bike-builders from Dayton for giving us a start, but we will never, he said, be able to get past the planet Pluto anyway. Man is but a humble being in a place so large and yet so small.

Texts — Tissues of Trivia

WILLIAM CARSKADON

Rhetoric 101, Theme 6

IMMEDIATELY AFTER FALL REGISTRATION I DESCENDED on the campus bookstores to purchase the textbooks and supplies required for my selected courses. Two days later and fifty dollars poorer I shoved my way out of the crowds and lines—finished and with a full complement of books. For six weeks I struggled through the verbosity of these fifty dollar gems until a graduate student friend gave me a dollar-seventy-five book which contained more information about elementary chemistry in its 358 paperbound pages than my text had in 700 hidebound ones.

This book caused me to question the whole University textbook system. For here I had in a $9'' \times 5'' \times \frac{3}{4}''$ package the contents of my entire Chemistry 101 text, complete with equations, formulae, illustrations, and several valuable tables. Most of the tables were conspicuously absent from the regular book. Just as important as the subject matter covered was the fact that I could afford to keep the book and use it as a reference. It was inexpensive, easy to store, and concise. It eliminated such comments as, "In the spring other changes occur; the flowers return, and once more the landscape is carpeted with green." Such facts as these are quite obvious even to freshmen, and such trite comment is out of place in the book from which it was taken, *General Chemistry*, by Hopkins and Bailar.

Interested, I did a little prowling around the bookstores and found three other paperbacks of the same type which applied to chemical calculations and zoology. The cost of these three added to that of the original gift book totaled six dollars. The three texts assigned for the courses retailed for \$15.25 at the discount stores on campus. The four pocket books covered in a little over a thousand pages far more than the texts did in one thousand six hundred sixty-five, and did it better.

Why, then, should students be forced to pay substantial amounts for texts which only waste the student's time and money by forcing him to read unrelated comments on nature? Questions of this sort are very difficult, but it is a well known fact that many of these "required" texts are written by instructors here at the University. Whether this has any connection with the fact that they are required is merely a matter of personal opinion, however. The fact remains, at present, that students are being forced to waste time studying from ridiculous texts at unnecessary expense when there is a better way immediately available.

The Trained Versus the Educated

GEORGE M. C. FISHER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 3

I THINK OF AN EDUCATED PERSON AS ONE WHO IS taught but not told. He is not forced to accept anything as law but may do so after having thoroughly inspected and questioned the issue. He is a person who can see the necessity in reconciling his actions to a rule by the majority. He is not, however, so overcome by this idea that he is strictly a follower. He will speak against convention if he feels it to be wrong. The educated person is a learned individual. Being well informed, however, is not enough in itself. He must be able to use this knowledge for his personal benefit and for the benefit of mankind in general. Thus, the educated man is a poor target for a despotic form of government since he questions the seemingly unjust or unreasonable. College degrees are not necessarily an accurate measure of a person's education, although they do mean that a person has had an excellent opportunity to become educated. A person with little formal schooling may well be as thoroughly educated as many college graduates, however.

The trained person, on the other hand, is one who is told but not taught. He is neither a leader nor a follower, he is a doer performing much as a robot, feeling only a sense of duty, and hardly knowing the pride of accomplishment. His mind is undeveloped in that, instead of venturing into the realm of wonderment, he lets others think for him. Wonder on the part of the individual is detrimental to the cause for which the trained person labors; therefore, the powerful few are more than willing to do the thinking for the whole. Because of this the trained person becomes one who is usually devoted to his duty though he does not know why. Actually he does not know the word *why*, and he would encounter difficulties in attempting to answer another person's "why." He dares not speak against convention and after sufficient training has no desire to do so.

The sentiment is often expressed that a totalitarian government crumbles from within. If this is to happen, the downfall will probably be a gradual one

resulting from a change in the people. A feasible explanation is that they may be transformed from a trained society into an educated one. Once the greater balance of numbers is on the side of the educated, the members of this society would prove to be useless as cogs in the machine of a dictatorship. "Why?" the mark of the educated, would prove to be the ultimate weapon of destruction for the trained society. This same word acts as a formidable deterrent to those who wish to change an educated group into a trained one.

Thus it can be said that the critical division between the educated and the trained rests at a point marked by the word *why*.

Now I Know

RONALD HEUER

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

I BELIEVED THAT MODERN TECHNOLOGY AND THE MACHINE were bad, that they were destroying man, that they were becoming his master. I believed that modern technology was breaking man's spirit. Then one day I read about the Tennessee Valley Authority and of how the valley people lifted themselves out of poverty and misery, once more holding their heads high.

I believed that machines were destroying man's pride of craftsmanship, that men no longer said proudly, "I made this," that they no longer took pride in the skills which they possessed, because machines were doing the work. Then one day I found myself looking at a fruit bowl which I made on a wood lathe.

I believed that machines were stifling man's initiative, that they were making him lazy, that they were destroying his sense of accomplishment, that they were turning him into an automaton. Then one day I found myself bragging to a friend that I could mix thirty-five bags of cement an hour in my father's concrete mixer.

I believed that atomic research, which produced the H-bomb, was leading man to self-destruction, that it should be halted before it led him any further. Then one day I read about the use of radioisotopes in the treatment of cancer.

I read about the mass bombings of World War II, and I condemned the airplane that could fly hundreds of miles non-stop in all kinds of weather. Then I read of a rare serum being rushed across the Atlantic by airplane to save the life of a little girl in Paris.

I believed that the massacre on our nation's highways was unquestionable proof that man should have remained in the horse-and-buggy days. Then one day my neighbor, who was choking to death with a bone in his throat, was saved because an ambulance was able to rush him ten miles to a hospital operating table before he suffocated.

I began to think. I wondered if the philosopher who condemned the machine had ever spent twelve hours a day, six days a week, in hard labor. I wondered what he would do without his automobile, without his automatic pencil, without his mass-produced clothes, without electricity, without the supermarket down the street, without the drilling machine in his dentist's office, without his alarm clock, without his can opener, and without the can itself.

I continued to think. I wondered what really caused our city slums and sweatshops, the poisoning of our air, the pollution of our streams, the devastation of our forests, the threat of atomic warfare, the massacre on our highways, and the mass bombings. Suddenly I realized that machines do not cause these things, but that man himself causes them. Machines are neither good nor bad in themselves. They merely reflect our usage of them. If we use machines selfishly with only our own interests at heart, without regard for the rest of mankind, then machines and modern technology will destroy man and become his master. But if we are honestly concerned about the well-being of all men and if our use of the machine reflects this concern, then the machine and modern technology promise a better future. Now I know.

The Chess Game

GARY A. STRUNK

Rhetoric 101, Theme 9

LOCATED ON THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE IS A GIANT chess board. This chess board is the country of Germany.

After World War II the stage was set for a chess game. The pawns, rooks, knights, bishops, queens, and kings were all in place and ready to make their moves. The Communists moved first. They set up a blockade around the city of Berlin, stopping the Western World's offensive. The pawns, rooks, and bishops, representing the mobile transportation of the Western World, could no longer move because all the paths were blocked. However, the Western powers were not to concede the game. They still had their knights. With these knights they jumped across the Russian blockade. This became known as the Berlin airlift. With this maneuver the Western World foiled the Russian strategy. The Russians had to think of another offensive attack.

Some time and many airplane trips later, the Russians made their next move. They lifted the blockade around Berlin. Once again the pawns, rooks, and bishops of the Western World could move freely. The knights received a well-deserved rest.

The next strategy the Russians tried was a move made with their most powerful player, their queen. With their queen, representing the Russian government, they checked the Western World's king. They tried to get the Western World to recognize the Communist government of East Germany.

But their opponents moved quickly and expertly with their queen, representing the governments of the free world, to help their king out of check. They would not recognize the Communist government of East Germany. Once again the Russians were foiled in their attempt to finish the chess game.

The Russian queen has made the latest move in the chess game. She has captured one of the Western World's pawns. This pawn is an air force pilot who was forced to bail out of his plane over East Germany. To get this pawn back, the Western World may have to deal with the East Germans, which is exactly what the Russians want. The Russians are on the offensive once again and it is up to the Western World to stop their offense.

What will be the next move in the giant chess game? Only time will tell. But meanwhile, the people of Germany suffer because of the situation their country is in. The people of Germany will have to sit back and watch the chess game being played on their country and hope for a favorable outcome.

Rhet as Writ

Everyone, sooner and preferably later, will experience the embalment of his own body.

[In beauty queen contests] frat rats vote for a girl as a body.

[Fidel Castro] was able to . . . very much impress the Cuban phesant. . . .

I have a few pacific ideas about a recreation major and what qualities are needed.

Since the people needed something to relie on in times of troubles they sought refuse in creating a God.

My classes in college are just a stepping stone in setting off the fuse which will make me think.

He has seen every bare back, bosum, and monster that has walked in front of a camera.

The great civilization may tumble into ruins just as preceding ones have did.

I thought of Alaska as an uncivilized land inhibited by eskimos.

The individual no longer fears diseases that years ago were fateful.

This little plant [bacteria] has left a big foot-step on the face of time and rightfully so, for its aids and detriments to society have been monstrous in conception.

I believe that when people are raised in a certain manor that in a given situation they will react in the same manor they were raised.

